

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

A Glossary; or, Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, &c.; and which have been thought to require Illustration in the Works of English Authors, particularly Shakespeare and his Contemporaries. By Robert Nares, A. M., F. R. S., F. A. S., Archdeacon of Stafford, &c. 4to. pp. 584. London, 1822.

THE title of this work so fully explains its nature and object, that little more explanation is necessary. Mr. Archdeacon Nares informs us that it was suggested by the common reflection, that our admirable Shakespeare is almost overwhelmed by his commentators, and that his notes, however necessary, too often recall us from the text. That he was well qualified for a task of this nature, the author proved, nearly forty years ago, by his 'Elements of Orthoëpy;' nor need it excite surprise that it should be so long after that the present work appears, since it could only be the result of a long course of reading our best authors.

This glossary does not carry us further back than the time of Queen Elizabeth, except where the writers of her time at all affected the phraseology of Chaucer; the author being of opinion that, to complete the rational view and knowledge of our language, a separate dictionary is required for the works of Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Occleve, and all those writers who can properly be called English: that is, who wrote when the language was no longer Saxon. A Saxon and a British dictionary, with all the examples at length, would, of course, complete the historical view of our national speech.

That this is a work of singular ability and merit is, we think, as unquestionable as that it is one of extraordinary labour and research. It forms a valuable appendage to the dictionary of Johnson, and an excellent substitute for all the commentaries on Shakespeare. Indeed, it is a work of that character which no good library can be

without. Although we were to fill the whole of our forty-eight columns with extracts from this Glossary, we should still give a very imperfect view of it; yet we shall venture on quoting a few articles, which, we trust, will be found worth reading, either for amusement or for the information they contain:—

'ACHES—The plural of *ach*; was undoubtedly a dissyllable, pronounced *aitches*, and continued to be so used to the time of Butler and Swift, which last had it in his Shower in London, at first printed—

"Can by their pains and *ach-es* find
All turns and changes of the wind."

Hudibr. 3. ii. 407.

'The examples are too numerous to be quoted. Mr. Kemble was therefore certainly right in his dispute with the public on this word; but whether a public performer may not be too pedantically right, in some cases, is another question. Yet *ach* was pronounced *ake*, as now; for proof of which, see *AJAX*.'

'ALSATIA—A jocular name for a part of the city of London, near Fleet Street, properly called the White Friars, from a convent of Carmelites formerly there situated. 'In the year 1608,' says an account of London, 'the inhabitants [of this district] obtained several liberties, privileges, and exemptions, by a charter granted them by King James I.; and this rendered the place an asylum for insolvent debtors, cheats, and gamblers, who gave to this district the name of *Alsatia*;' but the inconvenience suffered by the city from this place of refuge, at length caused it to be suppressed by law. Shadwell's comedy of *The Squire of Alsatia* alludes to this place; and it is mentioned also by Steele, where he says, that two of his supposed dogs (i. e. gamblers or sharpers) "are said to be whelped in *Alsatia*, now in ruins; but they," he adds, "with the rest of the pack, are as pernicious as if the old kennel had never been broken down."—*Tatler*, No. 66, near the end.'

'APOSTLE SPOONS.—Spoons of silver gilt, the handle of each terminating in the figure of an apostle. They were the usual presents of sponsors at christenings. Some are still to be seen in the collections of the curious. It is in allusion to this custom, that, when Cranmer professes to be unworthy of being sponsor to the young princess, the king replies, "come, come, my lord, you'd spare your *spoons*."—*Hen. VIII.* v. 2. These *spoons* are often mentioned by the writers of that time.

"And all this for the hope of two *apostle spoons*, to suffer! and a cup to eat a caudle in! for that will be thy legacy."

B. Jon. Barth. Fair.

'AX—To ask. This word, which now passes for a mere vulgarism, is the original Saxon form, and used by Chaucer and others. See Tyrwhitt's Glossary. We find it also in Bishop Bale's *God's Promises*.

"That their synne vengeance *axeth* continuallye."—*O. Pl.* i. 18.

'Also in the four Ps by Heywood:—

"And *axed* them this question than."

O. Pl. i. 84.

'An *aring* is used by Chaucer for a request. Ben Jonson introduces it jocularly:—

"A man out of wax
As a lady would *ar*."

Masques, vol. vi. p. 85.

'BARBER'S CHAIR—Proverbial for accommodating all bottoms.

"It is like a *barber's chair*, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock."

Alc's W. ii. 2.

'See Ray.

'Rabelais shows that it might be applied to any thing in very common use. Progn. ch. 5. *Ozell*, vol. v. p. 258.

'It appears that barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort, and the practices observed there were consequently very often the subject of allusion. The cittern or lute, which hung there for the diversion of the customers, is the foundation of a proverb.

'A peculiar mode of snapping the fingers is also mentioned as a necessary qualification in a barber:—

"Let not the *barber* forgotten: and look that he be an excellent fellow, and one that can snap his fingers with dexterity."—*Green's Tu Quoque*, O. P. vii. 86.

'Morose, who detested all noises, particularly valued a barber who was silent, and did not snap his fingers; but it is represented as a rare instance:—

"The fellow trims him silently, and hath not the knack with his sheers or his fingers: and that continency in a *barber* he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel."—*B. Jon. Silent Wom.* i. 2.

'Of the *barber's* art, as it was practised in his day, a curious sample is given by Lyly. The barber says,—

"Thou knowest I have taught thee the knocking of the hands, the tickling on a man's haire, like the tuning of a citterne. D. True. M. Besides, I instructed thee in the phrases of our eloquent occupation, as, how, sir, will you be trimmed? will you have your beard like a

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spade or a bodkin? a pent-house on your upper lip or an ally on your chin? a low curl on your head like a bull, or dangling Locke like a spaniel? your mustachoes sharpe at the ends, like shoemaker's aules, or hanging downe to your mouth like goates' flakes? your love-lockes wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggie to fall on your shoulders?"—*Mydas*, iii. 2.

Plutarch remarks, that *barbers* are naturally a loquacious race, and gives an anecdote of King Archelaus, who, like Morose, stipulated with his barber to shave him in silence.—*De Garrul*, p. 508.

The **BLACK-GUARD**.—Originally a jocular name given to the lowest menials of the court, the carriers of coals and wood, turnspits, and labourers in the scullery, who all followed the court in its progresses, and thus became observed. Such is the origin of this common term.

"So the *black-guard* are pleased with any lease of life, especially those of the boiling-house."—*B. Jons. Masq. of Merc. Vind.*

Turnspits were particularly so called:

"I am degraded from a cook, and I fear the devil himself will entertain me but for one of his *black-guard*; and he shall be sure to have his roast burnt."—*Microc.* O. Pl. ix. 162.

Burton speaks of the *black-guard*, as attached to a court, in describing the orders of devils:—

"Though some of them are inferior to those of their own ranke, as the *blacke guard* in a prince's court."—*Anatomy of Mel.* p. 42.

See also Decker, as quoted by Gifford, in his *B. Jonson*, vol. vii. p. 250.

"Is it a faith

That we will die in, since, from the *black guard* To the grim *sir* in office, there are few Hold other tenets."—*B. and Fl. Eld. Bro.* v. 1.

CANDLES'-ENDS, to drink off.—A piece of romantic extravagance, long practised by amorous gallants. It may perhaps be asked, why drinking off candles'-ends, for flap-dragons, should be esteemed an agreeable qualification? The answer is, that, as a feat of gallantry, to swallow a *candle's end* formed a more formidable and disagreeable flap-dragon than any other substance, and, therefore, afforded a stronger testimony of zeal for the lady to whose health it was drunk. See Flap-dragon and Dagger'd Arms.

"Why doth the prince love him so, then?—Because—he eats conger and fennel; and drinks off *candle's-ends* for flap-dragons."—*2 Hen. IV.* ii. 4.

"Carouse her health in cans And *candle's-ends*."

B. and Fl. Monsieur Thomas, ii. 2.

"But none that will hang themselves for love or eat *candle's-ends*, &c. as the sublunary lovers do."—*B. Jon. Masque of the Moon*, vol. vi. p. 62.

DRINKING HEALTHS.—The following rules for drinking healths are extracted from an old book, intitled *The Irish Hub-bub, or the English Hue and Crie*, by Barnaby Rich, 1623:—

"He that begins the health hath his prescribed orders: first, uncovering his head, he takes a full cup in his hand, and setting his countenance with a grave aspect, he craves for audience: silence being once obtained, he begins to breath out the name peradventure of some honourable personage, that is worthy of a

better regard than to have his name polluted at so unfitting a time, amongst a company of drunkards: but his health is drunk to, and he that pledges must likewise off with his cap, kisse his fingers, and bowing himself in signe of a reverent acceptance: when the leader sees his follower thus prepared, hee sups up his breath, turnes the bottom of the cup upward, and, in ostentation of his dexteritie, gives the cup a phillip to make it cry *twango*. And thus the first scene is acted

"The cup being newly replenished to the breadth of an haire, he that is the pledger must now beginne his part, and thus it goes round throughout the whole company, provided alwayes, by a canon set down by the founder, there must be three at least still uncovered, 'till the health hath had the full passage: which is no sooner ended but another begins againe, and hee drinks an health to his *lady of little worth*, or peradventure to his light heled mistress."

This the author calls "The Ruffingly Order of drinking Healths, used by the spendalls of this age."

FOOL.—A personage of great celebrity among our ancestors, whose office in families is very fully exemplified in many of Shakespeare's plays. His business was to amuse by his jests, in uttering of which he had complete license to attack whom he pleased. The peculiar dress and attributes of the fool are fully illustrated by the plate subjoined to the first part of *Henry IV.* in Johnson and Steevens's edit. 1778. See also Bable, &c. A few particulars will be sufficient on a subject so familiarized by perpetual recurrence. When Justice Overdo personates a fool, in the play of *Baitholomew Fair*, in order to spy out the proceedings of the place, he says he wishes to be taken for "something between a fool and a madman." Act ii. 1. This is literally the character, a fellow who, pretending folly, has still the audacity of a madman.

The license allowed to these privileged satirists was such, that nothing which they said was to be resented. "To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition," says Olivia to Malvolio, "is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon bullets. *There is no slander in an allowed fool, tho' he do nothing but rail.*" *Tw. Night.* i. 5.

This license cannot be more fully exemplified, than by the fool in *Lear*, who seems to us to carry his jests much too far.

Their dress is alluded to here:—

"Or to see a fellow

In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow." *Prologue to King Hen. VIII.*

And by Jaques, in *As you Like It*, when he repeats that *motley's* the only wear, &c.

In the earliest attempts at dramatic exhibitions, a fool was an indispensable ingredient; and, like the harlequin of the Italian theatre, he was always falling into mischief, and meeting the very persons he wished to avoid. Thus:—

"Merely thou art death's fool,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him stilk."

Meas. for M. iii. 1.

The fool was usually a part of great license and facility to the actor, who was allowed almost to fabricate his own part. See Hamlet's directions to restrain this abuse. The fool was always to be merry: "I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano, A stage where every man must play his part, And mine a sad one.

"Gra. Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

Mer. of V. i. 1.

Hence the phrase of *playing the fool* seems to have arisen.

The *Lord Mayor's Fool* was a distinguished character of that class; and there was a curious feat which he was bound by his office to perform, in the celebration of the Lord Mayor's Day. He was to leap, clothes and all, into a large bowl of custard; a jest so exactly suited to the taste of the lower classes of spectators, that it was not easily made stale by repetition. This is alluded to here:—

"You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard."—*All's W.* ii. 5.

"He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rime o' the table, from new nothing,

And take his *Almain leap* into a custard,
Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

B. Jon. Devil's an A. i. 1.

Perhaps it is this custard which, in the *Staple of News*, is called "*the custard politick*, the mayors." *A.* ii. sc. 3.

JEW'S-EYE.—This phrase does not require explanation, but its origin may be worth remarking. The extortions to which the Jews were subject in the thirteenth century, and the periods both before and after, exposed them to the most tyrannical and cruel mutilations, if they refused to pay the sums demanded of them. "King John," says Hume, "once demanded 10,000 marks from a Jew of Bristol, and on his refusal, ordered one of his teeth to be drawn every day, till he should consent. The Jew lost seven teeth, and then paid the sum required of him." Chap. xii. A. D. 1272. The threat of losing an eye would have a still more powerful effect. Hence the high value of a *Jew's eye*. The allusion was familiar in the time of Shakespeare:—

"There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a *Jewess' eye*."

Mer. of Ven. ii. 5.

The fine black eye of the Jew does not seem sufficiently to account for the saying.

Although we shall take a formal leave of this highly curious work for the present, yet we shall give another article from it a week or two hence.

—♦♦♦—
Napoleon in Exile.

By Barry E. O'Meara, Esq.

(Continued from p. 420.)

BONAPARTE said Moreau was an excellent general of division, but not fit to

command a large army. He was very calm and cool in the field, and would often smoke his pipe in battle. As a general, he was infinitely inferior to Desaix, Kleber, or even Soult. He said Moreau was not naturally a man of a bad heart, and that he was led into the conspiracy of Pichegru and Georges by his wife. Of all his generals, Napoleon said, Kleber and Desaix possessed the greatest talents. Kleber loved glory, as the means of procuring him riches, whereas Desaix loved glory for itself, and despised every thing else:—

Desaix was wholly wrapt up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasure were valueless, nor did he give them a moment's thought. He was a little black-looking man, about an inch shorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort or convenience. When in Egypt, I made him a present of a complete field-equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as contentedly as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs, *the just sultan*. He was intended by nature for a great general. Kleber and Desaix were a loss irreparable to France. Had Kleber lived, your army in Egypt would have perished. Had that imbecile Menou attacked you on your landing with twenty thousand men, as he might have done, instead of the division Lanusse, your army would have been only a meal for them. Your army was seventeen or eighteen thousand strong, without cavalry.

Lasnes, when I first took him by the hand was an *ignorantaccio*. His education had been much neglected. However, he improved greatly; and, to judge from the astonishing progress he made, he would have been a general of the first class. He had great experience in war. He had been in fifty-four pitched battles, and in three hundred combats of different kinds. He was a man of uncommon bravery; cool in the midst of fire; and possessed of a clear penetrating eye, ready to take advantage of any opportunity which might present itself.

“Massena,” said he, “was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previous to a battle; and it was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, of balls sweeping away those who incircled him, then Massena was himself; gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the greatest *sang froid* and judgment. This is *la vera nobiltà di sangue*. It was truly said of Massena, that he never began to act with judgment until the battle was going against him. He was, however, *un voleur*. He went halves

along with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his speculations, I would make him a present of eight hundred thousand or a million of francs; but he had acquired such a habit, that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times.”

Mr. O'Meara asked some particulars respecting the death of Moreau:—

“In the battle before Dresden,” said Napoleon, “I ordered an attack to be made upon the allies by both flanks of my army. While the manœuvres for this purpose were executing, the centre remained motionless. At the distance of about from this to the outer gate*, I observed a group of persons collected together on horseback. Concluding that they were endeavouring to observe my manœuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called to a captain of artillery, who commanded a battery of eighteen or twenty pieces:—*‘Jetez une douzaine de boulets à la fois dans ce groupe là, peut-être il y en a quelques petits généraux.’* (Throw a dozen of bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.) It was done instantly. One of the balls struck Moreau, carried off both his legs, and went through his horse. Many more, I believe, who were near him, were killed and wounded.”

Napoleon acknowledged ordering a thousand or twelve hundred Turks to be shot at Jaffa, and justified the act on the rights of war, as they were prisoners who had been released on their parole not to serve against him again, and yet they threw themselves into Jaffa and defended it to the last. He denied the poisoning at Jaffa of his own soldiers, and the assassination of Wright and Pichegru. Speaking of England,—

“If,” said he, “I were at the head of affairs in England, I would devise some means of paying off the national debt. I would appropriate to that purpose the whole of the church livings, except a tenth (always excepting those whose incomes were moderate), in a manner that the salary of the highest amongst the clergy should not exceed eight hundred or a thousand a year. What business have those priests with such enormous incomes? They should follow the directions of Jesus Christ, who ordered that, as pastors to the people, they should set an example of moderation, humanity, virtue, and poverty, instead of wallowing in riches, luxury, and sloth. In Cambray, before the revolution, two-thirds of all lands belonged to the church, and a fourth in most other provinces of France. I would appropriate to a similar purpose all sinecures, except those enjoyed by men who had rendered most eminent services to the state; and, indeed, even those

* About five hundred yards.

might be rewarded by giving them some office, in which they would be obliged to do something.”

Napoleon denied that his return from Elba was the result of any conspiracy. There was, he says, no plot, no understanding with any of the generals of France, not one of whom knew of his intentions. In his proclamations consisted the whole of the conspiracy, and with these he effected every thing. His own character Napoleon thus draws, and it must be acknowledged with much truth:—

“In spite of all the libels,” continued he, “I have no fear whatever about my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good which I have done, with the faults which I have committed, will be compared. I am not uneasy for the result. Had I succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of the greatest man that ever existed. As it is, although I have failed, I shall be considered as an extraordinary man: my elevation was unparalleled, *because* unaccompanied by crime. I have fought fifty pitched battles, almost all of which I have gained. I have framed and carried into effect a code of laws, that will bear my name to the most distant posterity. From nothing I raised myself to be the most powerful monarch in the world. Europe was at my feet. My ambition was great, I admit, but it was of a cold nature (*d'une nature froide*), and caused *par les évènements* (by events), and the opinion of great bodies. I have always been of opinion, that the sovereignty lay in the people. In fact, the imperial government was a kind of republic. Called to the head of it by the voice of the nation, my maxim was *la carrière ouverte aux talens* (the career open to talents), without distinction of birth or fortune, and this system of equality is the reason that your oligarchy hate me so much.”

“I have,” continued he, “been twice married. Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes. Let Marie Louise be asked with what tenderness and affection I always treated her. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed in the most feeling terms to *** her ardent desire to join me, extolled with many tears both myself and my conduct to her, and bitterly lamented her cruel separation, avowing her ardent desire to join me in my exile. Is this the result of the conduct of a merciless unfeeling tyrant? A man is known by his conduct to his wife, to his family, and to those under him. I have doubtless erred more or less in politics, but a crime I have never committed. The doctor, in his book, makes me say that I never committed an useless crime, which is equivalent to saying that I have not scrupled to commit one when I had any object in view, which I deny alto-

ether. I have never wished but the glory and the good of France. All my faculties were consecrated to that object, but I never employed crime or assassination to forward it."

Shortly after the battle of Marengo, Louis wrote to Napoleon, offering him whatever he wished, if he would restore him to his throne; to which he returned a polite answer, telling him to abandon the thought of ever returning to France as a sovereign, as that would not be effected without his having passed over the bodies of five hundred thousand Frenchmen. It has been often stated, that the Empress Josephine was of great assistance to Napoleon, and that the recalling of the emigrants was at her suggestion. Napoleon denies this, and says, that "Josephine was the most amiable and the best of women, but she never interfered with politics." Of the English seamen, Napoleon always had a high opinion:

"When I was returning from Holland along with the Empress Marie Louise, we stopped to rest at Givet. During the night, a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which swelled the Meuse so much that the bridge of boats over it was carried away. I was very anxious to depart; and ordered all the boatmen in the place to be assembled, that I might be enabled to cross the river. They said that the waters were so high that it would be impossible to pass before two or three days. I questioned some of them, and soon discovered that they were fresh-water seamen. I then recollected that there were English prisoners in the caserns; and ordered that some of the oldest and best seamen amongst them should be brought before me to the banks of the river. The waters were very high, and the current rapid and dangerous. I asked them if they could join a number of boats, so that I might pass over. They answered, that it was possible, but hazardous. I desired them to set about it instantly. In the course of a few hours they succeeded in effecting what the other *imbeciles* had pronounced to be impossible; and I crossed before the evening was over. I ordered those who had worked at it to receive a sum of money each, a suit of clothes, and their liberty. Marchand was with me at the time."

Mr. O'Meara mentioned the suspicion that Bernadotte would have joined him had he been successful, and that he was called Charles Jean Charlantan:—

"Napoleon replied, 'Probably they call him Charlantan, because he is a Gascon, a little inclined to boasting. As to joining me, if I had been successful, he would have done no more than all the rest. The Saxons, Wirtemburghers, Bavarians, and all those who abandoned me when I was unfortunate, would have joined me again if I had been successful. After Dresden,

the Emperor of Austria went upon his knees to me, called me *his dear son*, and begged, for the sake of his very *dear, dear daughter*, to whom I was married, not to ruin him altogether, but to be reconciled to him. Had it not been for the desertion of the Saxons with their artillery, I should have gained a victory at Leipsic, and the allies would have been far differently situated."

Of the meeting at Tilsit, we are told:—

"When," continued Napoleon, "I was at Tilsit, with the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, *I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs*. These two sovereigns, especially the King of Prussia, were completely *au fait*, as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederic how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. In fact," continued he, laughing, "I was nobody in comparison with them. They continually tormented me with questions about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant, though, in order not to affront them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended upon the cut of a jacket. When I went to see the King of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets of various modes. Every day he changed his fashion, and put on a different one. He was a tall dry-looking fellow, and would give a good idea of Don Quixote. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragoon or a hussar uniform, than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom. At Jena, his army performed the finest and most showy manœuvre possible, but I soon put a stop to their *coglionerie*, and taught them, that to fight, and to execute dazzling manœuvres and wear splendid uniforms, were very different affairs. If," added he, "the French army had been commanded by a tailor, the King of Prussia would certainly have gained the day, from his superior knowledge in that art; but as victories depend more upon the skill of the general commanding the troops, than upon that of the tailor who makes their jackets, he consequently failed."

"The emperor then observed that we allowed too much baggage, and too many women to accompany our armies. 'Women, when they are bad,' said he, 'are worse than men, and more ready to commit crimes. The soft sex, when degraded, falls lower than the other. Women are always much better, or much worse than men. Witness the *tricoteuses de Paris*, during the revolution. When I commanded at the Col de Tende, a most mountainous and difficult country, to enter which the army was obliged to pass over a narrow bridge, I had given directions that no women should be allowed to accom-

pany it, as the service was a most difficult one, and required the troops to be continually on the alert. To enforce this order, I placed two captains on the bridge, with instructions, on pain of death, not to permit a woman to pass. I went to the bridge myself, to see that my orders were complied with, where I found a crowd of women assembled. As soon as they perceived me, they began to revile me, bawling out, 'Oh, then, *petit caporal*, it is you who have given orders not to let us pass.' I was then called *petit caporal* by the army. Some miles further on, I was astonished to see a considerable number of women with the troops. I immediately ordered the two captains to be put in arrest, and brought before me, intending to have them tried immediately. They protested their innocence, and asserted that no woman had crossed the bridge. I caused some of those dames to be brought, when, to my astonishment, by their own confession, I found that they had thrown the provisions that had been provided for the support of the army out of some of the casks, concealed themselves in them, and passed over unperceived."

We have, in a notice of Madame de Staël's life and works, given her opinion of Bonaparte, and we will now give Napoleon's sentiments respecting that lady:—

"Napoleon then spoke about Madame de Staël. 'Madame de Staël,' said he, 'was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. At Geneva, she became very intimate with my brother Joseph, whom she gained by her conversation and writings. When I returned from Elba, she sent her son to be presented to me on purpose to ask payment of two millions, which her father Neckar had lent out of his private property to Louis XVI. and to offer her services, provided I complied with this request. As I knew what he wanted, and thought that I could not grant it without ill-treating others who were in a similar predicament, I did not wish to see him, and gave directions that he should not be introduced. However, Joseph would not be denied, and brought him in in spite of this order, the attendants at the door not liking to refuse my brother, especially as he said that he would be answerable for the consequences. I received him very politely, heard his business, and replied, that I was very sorry it was not in my power to comply with his request, as it was contrary to the laws, and would do an injustice to many others. Madame de Staël was not, however, contented with this. She wrote a long letter to Fouché, in which she stated her claims, and that she wanted the money in order to portion her daughter in marriage to the Duc de Brog-

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lie, promising that, if I complied with her request, I might command her and her's; that she *would be black and white for me*. Fouché communicated this, and advised me strongly to comply, urging that, in so critical time, she might be of considerable service. I answered that I would make no bargains."

"Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," continued he, "I was accosted by Madame de Staël in a large company, though, at that time, I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'who, at this moment, is *la première femme du monde*?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and expecting that I would return it. I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'she who has borne the greatest number of children,' turned round, and left her greatly confused and abashed. He concluded by observing, that he could not call her a *wicked* woman, but that she was a restless *intrigante*, possessed of considerable talent and influence."

The opinions of such a man as Napoleon, on any subject, are entitled to great attention, and, when they bear on present events, they become doubly interesting; we therefore quote what he said respecting Russia and Turkey:—

"In the course of a few years," added he, "Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattering which Alexander practised towards me was to gain my consent to effect this object. I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. The powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Servia, and other provinces bordering upon the Austrian dominions, reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England may ever be allied with sincerity will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia united cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can, at any time, effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and a hundred thousand *canaille*, Cossacs, and others, and England loses India. Above all the other powers, Russia is the most to be feared, especially by you. Her soldiers are braver than the Austrians, and she has the means of raising as many as she pleases. In bravery, the

French and English soldiers are the only ones to be compared to them. All this I foresaw. I see into futurity farther than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king; but your *imbeciles* of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence, I shall be praised (*encensé*), and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the finest countries in Europe overrun and a prey to those northern barbarians, they will say, 'Napoleon was right.' The Russians are beginning already with you; I see that they have prohibited the introduction of your merchandize. England is falling. Even Prussia prohibits your goods. What a change for England! Under the great Chatham you forbade the most powerful sovereign in Europe, the Emperor of Germany, to navigate the Escaut, or to establish an extensive commerce at Ostend; this was barbarous and unjust, but still you had the power to prevent it, because it was against the interests of England. Now Prussia shuts her ports against you. What a falling off! In my opinion, the only thing which can save England will be abstaining from meddling in continental affairs, and by withdrawing her army from the continent. Then you may insist upon whatever is necessary to your interests, without fear of reprisals being made upon your army. You are superior in maritime force to all the world united; and while you confine yourself to that arm, you will always be powerful, and be dreaded. You have the great advantage of declaring war when you like, and of carrying it on at a distance from your home. By means of your fleets you can menace an attack upon the coasts of those powers who disagree with you, and interrupt their commerce without their being able materially to retaliate. By your present mode of proceeding, you forfeit all those advantages. Your most powerful army is given up, and you send an army to the continent, where you are inferior to Bavaria in that species of force. You put me in mind of Francis the First, who had a formidable and beautiful artillery at the battle of Pavia. But he placed his cavalry before it, and thus masked the battery which, could it have fired, would have insured him the victory. He was beaten, lost every thing, and made prisoner. So it is with you; you forsake your ships, which may be compared to Francis's batteries, and throw forty thousand men on the continent, which Prussia or any other power who chooses to prohibit your manufactures will fall upon and cut to pieces, if you menace or make reprisals.

"So silly a treaty as that made by your ministers for their own country," continued the emperor, "was never known before. You give up every thing and gain nothing. All the other powers gained acquisitions of country and millions of souls, but you give up colonies. For ex-

ample, you give up the isle of Bourbon to the French. A more impolitic act you could not have committed. You ought to endeavour to make the French forget the way to India, and all Indian policy, instead of placing them half way there. Why did you give up Java? Why Surinam, or Martinique, or the other French colonies? To avoid doing so you had nothing more to say than that you would retain them for the five years the allied powers were to remain in France. Why not demand Hamburg for Hanover. Then you would have an *entrepôt* for your manufactures. In treaties, an ambassador ought to take advantage of every thing for the benefit of his own country."

We find we must not finish the work here, but must say—

(To be concluded in our next.)

An Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture; with an Historical View of the Rise and Progress of the Art in Greece. By George, Earl of Aberdeen, K. T. &c. post 8vo. pp. 217. London, 1822.

THE substance of this essay was published in 1812, as an introduction to Wilkins's translation of Vitruvius; and it is now reprinted, with various additions and corrections, by the noble author. In all ages and countries Grecian architecture has excited the admiration of all persons of real taste, who had any knowledge of the art; and the object of this inquiry is to trace the causes of this unanimity, and to ascertain the principles on which it is founded, and whether our admiration results from intellectual association, or from some intrinsic charm, some peculiar grace which is necessarily acknowledged and felt by all mankind.

'It seems impossible that we should contemplate any remains of Grecian taste and science, of whatever description they may be, without, at the same time, adverting to other monuments of other arts, and connecting them in the mind with those which are immediately before us. In vain would we believe that we admire them as if they stood insulated and alone, while association is softening every defect, and enhancing every beauty,—while memory is retracing the most affecting scenes,—or while fancy is grouping the most interesting objects. We can scarcely deny, then, that the pleasure which is derived from surveying the ancient models of Grecian architecture is incalculably heightened by ideas connected with learning, with science, and with art; accompanied, as they ever must be, by all the nameless charms which imagination combines with the history of the Greeks, and which it throws over all their productions. It is probable, nevertheless, that their buildings possess certain qualities which affect us independently of all

these associations, and which, even without them, fail not to produce in us sentiments of admiration and feelings of delight.'

His lordship observes, that, among the less legitimate sources of admiration, may be enumerated the magnitude and height, and the solidity of ancient buildings; and he instances the pyramids and the Tartarian walls as proofs of this. The noble author notices Burke's definition of the essential requisites for the formation of the beautiful, which, he says, are principally, if not entirely collected from the female form, and says that it was the desire of generalizing which led Mr. Burke and those who have followed him, to adopt notions contrary to the plainest dictates of reason and philosophy. His lordship says:—

'The truth is, however, that general rules for beauty in this, or in any other practical art, cannot be fixed from abstract conclusions; but must be deduced from experience, and from the continued observation of those qualities which have been found universally to please; this being, after all, the only test respecting which all are agreed. It was by an adherence to this principle that the Greeks seem to have regulated their practice. Hence the remarkable uniformity of all their buildings, in which, indeed, the variations are so slight, as scarcely, on a first view, to satisfy the natural desire of novelty, or justly to merit the praise of invention. A quadrilateral form, adorned with exterior columns, the roof comparatively low, and composed, for the most part, of unbroken lines, with the freize and pediment enriched by the application of sculpture in different degrees of magnificence and profusion, constituted almost invariably the figure of their most splendid edifices. But, although generally similar in plan, distinct varieties are observable in Grecian structures; each peculiar and consistent in all its respective parts. The character of massive and imposing grandeur in the Doric style,—of adorned, yet simple majesty in the Ionic,—and of festive sumptuousness in the Corinthian, is preserved throughout the minutest details of these orders. If any one should deny the paramount influence of association, or that a sense of fitness and propriety in architecture is a source of pleasure, he has only to bring together some of the more prominent parts of these different modes of building, in order to be convinced of the incongruity that would result from their union. This incongruity, although invariably revolting to the eye of taste, is, in fact, perhaps, only apparent; for there is nothing in the nature of the members themselves which, when joined, should render them really unfit for the purposes of strength and utility; but, from the long observation of a contrary practice, recommended by so many powerful associations, we have become impressed with this

notion, which it is now impossible to eradicate.'

The noble author presents a brief but admirable view of the progress of architecture among the Greeks; beginning with the walls, which were the first and certainly the most wonderful specimens of building in that country. Among the principal of these were the walls of Tiryns and those of Mycenæ:

'This city, so distinguished, at its first introduction to our notice, remained, during the flourishing ages of Grecian history, in a state of ruin and desolation. Tradition names Perseus as its founder, but the execution of the walls, like those of its neighbour town, is referred to the hands of the Cyclops. The condition of Mycenæ is, I should suppose, very much that in which it was seen by Pausanias, or even by Thucydides, five hundred years before: indeed, these stupendous masses, in their present delapidated state, appear to be so indestructible, as to defy the further injuries of time, as well as the violence of any force inferior to that which was employed in their construction. Pausanias informs us, that, in his time, among the ruins of the walls, a gate remained, over which was the representation of two lions. This gate, which seems to have been the principal entrance to the city, does not stand even with the course of the walls, but is placed considerably within the line described by their general circuit. The approach, therefore, is for some paces by a sort of passage between the walls, and scarcely of a greater width than the gate by which it is terminated. Defence was the object of this contrivance, by which few persons abreast could reach the entrance at the same time, and, in the attempt, must necessarily have been exposed to destruction from the weapons of the inhabitants stationed on the ramparts of each wall which formed the avenue. By the accumulation of earth this gate is buried nearly up to the top, where it is not more than eight feet wide, yet the lintel is one massive stone twelve feet in length. The jambs, which probably consist only of single stones, are inclined towards each other, the width of the opening being gradually diminished from the bottom; a contrivance by which the whole building is apparently strengthened, and which furnishes us with a singular coincidence with the manner of Egyptian building. The walls themselves have in their construction more of care and art, and, perhaps, exhibit the marks of a period somewhat later than those of Tiryns. For, although the polygonal blocks are nearly of the same dimensions, they are fitted together with greater exactness, and have been so shaped in part as to ensure some degree of regularity: whereas the walls of Tiryns consist of rude masses of rock piled on each other, the interstices of which are filled up with small stones, and fitted together by the ingenuity of the builder, without having been previously formed

by the aid of the chisel or the saw. The lions mentioned by Pausanias are executed in *bas-relief* on a single stone nine feet in height, and about thirteen feet in width. Their heads only are destroyed; between them is placed a species of small column supporting a capital of a singular form, on which their fore legs rest. Whether we are to view this work as possessing any mystic and symbolical meaning, or to explain it as an obvious or general emblem, or even as the private device and *impresa* of an individual, this is not the place to inquire. It may be sufficient to observe, that probably no example of Grecian sculpture is to be found of equal antiquity, and certainly none whose age is fixed by evidence in any degree so satisfactory.'

Of the treasury of Athens, still existing at Mycenæ, we have the following brief but interesting notice:—

'Perhaps the most interesting monument of these ages is the treasury of Atreus, still existing at Mycenæ. It is a building of a conical shape, or, more correctly speaking, in the form of a paraboloid, about fifty feet in diameter, and rather more in height; the stones of which it is composed are of great magnitude; that, in particular, which covers the entrance, is of enormous dimensions. They are placed on horizontal layers, each gradually projecting over the other until they meet at the top; the whole, therefore, has the appearance of a pointed dome, but the mode in which it is constructed denotes an entire ignorance of the principle of the arch. That the interior surface was formerly covered with plates of brass we have good reason to suppose, for large nails of the same metal, by which they were anciently fastened, still adhere to the stones in different parts of the building. The whole of this singular edifice is covered with earth, and presents in its outward form the resemblance of a mound or tumulus.'

Passing over the intermediate period, we come to the erection of the Athenian temples, when the architectural art reached its full perfection:—

'The Parthenon was built by Ictinus a few years later, and, as well as the Propylea, during the time in which Pericles exercised unlimited control in the management of public affairs, and when his popularity had left him without a rival in Athens. They were both raised under the direction of Phidias, to whose superintendence this munificent statesman committed the execution of all his plans of taste and elegance. It would be superfluous to expatiate on the beauties of the Parthenon, which are so well known, and have been so often described. In the majestic simplicity of its general design, the grandeur of its proportions, and the exquisite taste and skill displayed in the execution of its ornamental parts, it is undoubtedly the most perfect, as well as deservedly the most celebrated production

of Greece may be the building of a son pose the architect reception hero, placed funeral nour. of Milit time in fluence resource of mag the ten tory of be attr one of Ictinus Apollo though explore archite greater usually The f there a the ge prescr tress, five fe walls micirc This in the ple wa its obj roof, been mony beaut ponne templ ed on three galia, chanti conce before is term oaks round and g Lo other ment thus mend art m 'T were ful wa the C own moun and th nately barisc have

of Grecian art. The temple of Theseus may be considered as nearly coeval with the buildings of the Acropolis, or perhaps of a somewhat earlier origin. If we suppose this splendid monument of Athenian architecture to have been destined for the reception of the ashes of their national hero, its commencement ought to be placed soon after his remains were transported from Scyros to Athens, and when funeral games were instituted in his honour. The expedition of Cimon, the son of Miltiades, was forty years prior to the time in which Pericles possessed that influence which enabled him to apply the resources of the republic to these purposes of magnificence. The striking remains of the temple of Minerva, on the promontory of Sunium, are in all probability to be attributed to the same authors; but one of the noblest efforts of the genius of Ictinus is to be seen in the temple of Apollo Epicurius in Arcadia, which, although still nearly entire, has been little explored or even visited. It offers many architectural peculiarities, and exhibits a greater variety in its details than we usually meet with in Grecian buildings. The front consists of six columns, but there are fifteen in each flank, contrary to the general practice, which would have prescribed thirteen. A species of buttress, six on each side, and at intervals of five feet, projected internally from the walls of the cell, and terminated in a semicircular pilaster of the Ionic order. This peculiarity did not originate merely in the desire of ornament, but, as the temple was not hypæthral, must have had for its object the more effectual support of the roof, which is said by Pausanias to have been of stone. According to the testimony of ancient writers, it surpassed in beauty all the other buildings of the Peloponnesus, with the single exception of the temple of Minerva at Tegea. It is situated on an elevated part of Mount Cotylus, three or four miles from the ruins of Phigalia, and commands one of the most enchanting prospects which it is possible to conceive;—woods, hills, and valleys lie before it in wild confusion; the distance is terminated by the sea, and the venerable oaks with which the temple itself is surrounded, confer an additional solemnity and grandeur on the scene.

Lord Aberdeen then notices several others of the most prominent monuments of Grecian architecture, and thus concludes his essay, by a recommendation in which every lover of the art must join:—

“The precious remains of Grecian art were long neglected, and the most beautiful were, in truth, nearly inaccessible to the Christian world. It is almost in our own time that obstacles, formerly insurmountable, have been first vanquished; and that the treasures of art, still unfortunately in the custody of ignorance and barbarism, have not only been visited, but have been accurately measured and deli-

neated. Henceforth, therefore, these exquisite remains should form the chief study of the architect who aspires to permanent reputation; other modes are transitory and uncertain, but the essential qualities of Grecian excellence, as they are founded on reason, and are consistent with fitness and propriety, will ever continue to deserve his first care. These models should be imitated however,—not with the timid and servile hand of a copyist; but their beauties should be transferred to our soil, preserving, at the same time, a due regard to the changes of customs and manners, to the difference of our climate, and to the condition of modern society. In this case, it would not be so much the details of the edifice itself, however perfect, which ought to engross the attention of the artist, but he should strive rather to possess himself of the spirit and genius by which it was originally planned and directed; and to acquire those just principles of taste, which are capable of general application.”

Switzerland; or, a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country. By L. Simond.

(Concluded from p. 425.)

WE have been so much pleased with Mr. Simond's work, and have found it so fertile in interesting facts and incidents, that we have carried our review to a greater length than is usual with us. But, as we have nothing further to add by way of remark, we shall devote this our concluding notice to such extracts as may best serve to illustrate the characters and manners of the Helvetians:—

“Some traits of Rodolph Hapsbourg's warfare will give an idea of the tactics as well as of the manners of the times. The burghers of Zurich had sent to one of the great feudal lords of the neighbourhood, Lutold of Regensburg, their enemy, a deputation of twelve citizens (six nobles and six burghers), on a conciliatory message.—“You are,” said Lutold, “surrounded by my possessions, like fish in a net, and must submit forthwith; if you do, I shall govern you kindly.” Little satisfied with this proposal, they applied to Rodolph for assistance, and a war ensued; it was a war of stratagems, in which Rodolph, by attracting the attention of Lutold to one point, and then suddenly attacking another, stripped him, in the end, of most of his strong holds. He had invested one of his castles, and expected to reduce it by famine, but finding it better provided than he at first expected, he was on the point of giving up the enterprise, when a bravado of the garrison, who flung fish alive at his men, shewing him they had some secret communication with the lake of Zurich, by which they were supplied, induced a search, and the passage being found, the place surrendered. While besieging another castle, a troop of horse,

twelve in number, and all white, had been observed to sally forth occasionally; taking the opportunity of one of their sorties, he disguised twelve of his own men, mounted them on white horses also, and then, coming full speed in the dusk of the evening, as if pursued, the gates were opened, and the castle surprised and taken by these horsemen and others near at hand.”

Generosity.—“During the various disputes which accompanied each successive election of an emperor, Soleure having embraced the cause of Louis of Bavaria, was besieged by Duke Leopold, and a great inundation of the Aar having carried away his works, machines, and bridges, a number of his men were in imminent danger of perishing. At this moment the Soleurians, forgetful of all hostile considerations, put off in boats, and rescued them. The Duke was touched, and, unwilling to be outdone in magnanimity, requested to be introduced into the town with only thirty followers, presented a banner, and made peace.”

During the terrible pestilence that afflicted Basle, in 1348,—

“Albert, the Duke of Austria, being at this time on bad terms with Basle, it was suggested to him that he might take possession of the town without any difficulty. “God forbid,” answered the prince, “that I should wound those whom Providence has spared;” and he forthwith sent four hundred workmen from the Black Forest to assist the inhabitants in the restoration of their dwellings.”

Criminal Justice.—“The following instances are taken from Muller: they relate to Zurich and Berne, the principal towns and cantons of the union. “Whoever shall detect his wife in an act of infidelity, may kill her, or her lover, or both; and, if he lays 18 hellers (money) on the dead body, he shall be deemed innocent.”

““Sak of Berne shall be whipped and led out of the gate by the executioner, for returning from banishment. If he returns again, he shall be drowned.”—“Hanns, the public executioner, is banished two miles from the jurisdiction of the town, for having spoken immodestly to respectable men and women. If he returns, he shall have his eyes put out.”—“The thief Scach, of St. Gallen, shall swear to go away beyond the Rhine, for she is pregnant.”—“Hanns Meltenberg, for chastising a child eight years old until the blood started, shall be dipped between the two bridges, and banished for ever two miles beyond the Rhine.”—“Count Hanns, of Lavenstein, for stealing a pair of sheets, shall have one of his ears cut off, and be banished two miles from Zurich.”—“Any one clipping the coin shall have his fingers clipped off, and then shall be hanged. Any one carrying money out of the state shall have his goods confiscated, and his hands cut off.”

““An innkeeper having found means to procure the seal of a counsellor of Berne, who lodged at his house, made use of it to forge three obligations for sums of money,

which (being supported by false witnesses) he claimed after an interval of seven years. The fraud being discovered, he was broken upon the wheel at Berne, and the witnesses 'boiled in a kettle!'—"Unequal marriages were severely and even capitally punished. Marriages within the forbidden degree were subject to a fine."—"The avoyer, or chief magistrate, found wives for those who applied at the beginning of the carnival. The young people assembled for that purpose were matched by him, free persons and serfs, according to their respective ranks."

Judicial and Private Combats.—'Judicial combats were, in some cases, sanctioned by law. Any individual accusing another of a crime, was admitted to prove it by witnesses or by single combat; but if he did not succeed, his adversary had a right to *trample upon* him. Any one introducing himself into a house by force after the evening bell, might be killed by the occupier, and, if the homicide had no witnesses, he was allowed to come into court with "Three straws of the thatch of his own roof, or his dog, or the cat that lay on the hearth, or the cock watching by the hens." The idea appears to have been, that the meanest creature or thing might be the instrument of Providence for the detection of falsehood.'

'Two men of Glaris, near relations, were walking together along the edge of a precipice. One of them, who was heir to the other, pushed him over. By a singular hazard, the fall did not prove fatal, and an accusation was, of course, brought against the aggressor, who invented a counter accusation in his own defence. The parties were closely examined by the judges; both put to the rack! but each persisting in his own statement, the truth remained undiscovered. At length the general assembly (the people) ordained that the cause should be tried by judicial combat. The two champions met in the public square before the church of Glaris, the 12th of August, 1423, entering the lists, stripped to their shirts and drawers, their drawn swords in their hands. The Landamman Ischudi, and sixty judges, sat round, with the inhabitants behind them, all except the relatives of the parties. At a signal, the combatants engaged; they fought long, and, for a time, with very equal success. At length the innocent man was victorious, and his adversary, as he lay weltering in his blood, acknowledged the justice of his fate.'

'Private combats were authorized by custom in the fifteenth century, even when they had no judicial object. In 1428, a Spaniard being at Basle, called out on the public square, in the style of knight-errantry, "I am born of a noble family, I have travelled in a hundred different countries, and seen a thousand towns, but have never met with any one bold enough to measure his sword with Don Juan de Merlo." This arrogance was resented by the noble Henry de Ramstein, who threw down his gauntlet. The conditions of the

combat were, that each of the knights should try a thrust of the lance, three strokes of the battle axe, and forty of the sword. They fought on the great square before the cathedral, in the presence of the margrave, William de Retelm, and five other noblemen, judges of the combat. A multitude of burghers and knights having assembled from the country, extraordinary precautions were taken by the magistrates for the safety of the town. Additional guards were placed at the gates, horsemen patrolled the streets, and armed boats rowed before the town. The two champions displayed great vigour, skill, and courage, without doing each other much harm, being, of course, clad in steel, and neither had a decided advantage. Don Juan was knighted on the occasion.'

Battle of Novara, in 1512.—'The affecting story of Robert de la Mark and his two sons will carry us for a moment from the consideration of so much mischievous heroism, to something nearer the better feelings of our nature. Fleuranges and Jametz de la Mark, who commanded the Landsknechts, being desperately wounded, were hard pressed in the thickest of the battle; their father made a furious charge at the head of two hundred lancers, and opened the way to them. Jametz was still bravely disputing a remnant of life; he rescued him, and carried away the body of his other son, flung over the neck of a horse, apparently dead. The latter, although pierced with forty-six wounds, recovered, as well as his brother, and was that Marshal de Fleuranges, afterwards so famous as colonel of the *Cent-Suisses*. An account of this very battle, by himself, is inserted in Baron Zurloeben's military history.'

The Reformation.—'Women were the most violent on either side. Those of Orbe of the Catholic faith, suspecting a Protestant schoolmaster of having contributed to the dismissal of their favourite preacher, Juliani, a monk attacked him in the church, kicked him, and beat him almost to death. Hollard, another Protestant, who had interrupted Juliani in the pulpit, they seized by the beard, dragged him about, planting their nails in his face, and would have killed him, had not the chatelin of Orbe found means to extricate him under the pretence of sending him to prison. Farel attempted to preach at Orbe, but, as soon as he began, they called out "*chien!*"—"matin!"—"hérétique!"—"diable!" with such a horrible noise, that you could not have heard thunder. Farel was hardened against such things, and persisted; but they raised a mob against him, and he was very much beaten; returning, nevertheless, the next morning, to the public square, and attempting to speak, he met with a similar reception.'

'At night the council assembled, and he attended with the deputies of Berne and Fribourg; but, coming out of the council-chamber, the women way-laid him at the door, seized, and were beginning to

beat him, when Pierre de Glaress, a gentleman of high influence in the town, delivered him from their fury, saying, "Ladies, pray forgive me, I have him in charge." The most active of these women was a person of quality from Fribourg, married to a gentleman at Orbe; but soon after it pleased God to touch her heart, as formerly that of Lydia, and she and her husband embraced the reformation.

'At Grandson, where the catholic and protestant services were performed alternately in the same churches, the Catholics, thinking one day that the protestants staid too long at their devotions, and, being impatient to hear mass, set on their wives, who burst in violently, and drove away the congregation and their three ministers, Froment, Grivat, and Farel; the latter, in particular, long bore the marks of their animosity upon his face. The magistrates of Berne and Fribourg began a judicial investigation of these proceedings; but the Protestants, taking the law into their own hands, broke the images and altar to pieces, at which the council of Fribourg was much offended.

'The magistrates of Lausanne, hesitating between the two opinions, and unwilling to disgust the professors of either, endeavoured to conform to the wishes of both; therefore, whilst they commanded the strict observance of Lent, the regulations made by the reformers against blasphemy, were no less rigidly enforced. The penalty for the first offence was to kiss the ground; for the second, a fine of three sous; and the pillory for the third. Relics were, in general, set aside, with an exception in regard to a favourite one, which maintained its situation some years longer, "*la sainte ratte*," which was no other than a mouse! made holy, in their eyes, by having nibbled at the consecrated wafers! More fortunate than the monkey, which, some time previous, had been actually burnt alive at Paris, "*par arret du parlement*," and for the self-same act, "*pour avoir mangé le bon Dieu*."

We shall now conclude with a biographical memoir of Frederic Cesar la Harpe, the preceptor of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and one of the chief promoters of the revolution in Switzerland:—

'This gentleman, born in 1754, at Roile, a small town of the Pays de Vaud, of a respectable family, received his first education from a well-informed father, and pursued his studies with great success at the seminary of Heldenstein in the Grisons, and subsequently at Geneva. He early evinced an enthusiastic but rash disposition, a feeling and acute mind. Brought up for the profession of the law, he hated its forms; unfitted as he seemed to be for such a career, his advancement in it had, nevertheless, been satisfactory, and he had reached to the highest rank to which he could pretend, that of *avocat à la chambre supreme des appellations Ro-*

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mandes; for there was between a gentleman subject to Berne and the meanest tradesman, who was a burgher of the sovereign city, an immense distance, which the following apparently slight incident made him feel in such a manner as, to disgust him for ever with his situation, and what he deemed the *chef lieu de la tyrannie*. With his usual warmth he had undertaken a cause offensive to the tribunal, and received from one of the judges, with whom he was otherwise in habits of friendship, a rebuke which sunk deep into his heart. "Que signifient ces innovations et ces désordres? nous ne voulons point de cet esprit Gènevois dans notre Pays de Vaud. Savez vous bien que vous n'êtes que nos sujets!" The young lawyer indignantly rejecting the qualification of "subjects," an explanation ensued, in which the magistrate, who loved him personally, tried to soothe the irritation he had excited, but La Harpe abandoned his profession and his country. He was at Rome, travelling with a Russian nobleman, when he received, through the Baron de Grimm, an invitation to St. Petersburg, repaired in 1782 to that capital of the north, and was at first attached to the governor of the young princes as secretary, although with the rank of colonel, which he had held at home. In these circumstances a plan of education for the young princes, drawn up by him, having attracted the attention of the Empress Catherine, mother of their father, she desired to see Colonel La Harpe, and ultimately entrusted to him the execution of his own plan. As preceptor, he conducted himself, during twelve years, with great zeal and independence; severe, and yet beloved by his pupils, by him, at least, who at present occupies the throne. Among other anecdotes of this illustrious education, it is reported that the inexorable governor gave more than once what is vulgarly called a *cold pig* to his imperial pupils, to overcome their unwillingness to rise early; and that Catherine, to whom complaints were made on the subject, only laughed at the rigorous expedient. "Oh that I may become an emperor!" said once the exasperated son of Paul to La Harpe; "I will march an army into Switzerland to teach your republicans better manners." "You have heard of the ossuary of Morat," was the reply; "the expedition of your imperial highness will only serve to replenish the wasted stores of that glorious repository with Muscovite instead of Burgundian relics." But La Harpe's warmth of heart more than made up for his severity, and he communicated to his pupils his enthusiasm for science, and, above all, for civil liberty; they read together, with delight, Plutarch and Tacitus; English history, Locke, Algernon Sidney, Gibbon, Mabley, Rousseau, Duclos, &c. The jealousy his successes at the Russian court excited, was gradually dissipated by his entire disinterestedness, which aimed at no personal favours or advancement; but neither distance nor change of circumstances had

effaced from his memory either the Utopian dreams of heartfelt resentment of his youth. As soon as the French revolution was announced, he saw in it the means of emancipation for the Pays de Vaud, and published many essays, to which may be attributed the first revolutionary symptoms in that country, particularly those of July, 1791.

The government of Berne complained to a Russian minister, then at Coblenz, of the countenance given by his sovereign to an incendiary; the latter, called to account by Catherine, took upon himself to propose, on the part of his oppressed citizens, a reference to her philosophical Majesty herself; soliciting, as the highest favour, that she would condescend to be umpire between them and Berne. Catherine thought the clients of such an advocate could not be in the wrong, and the Swiss patriot was only desired to write no more.

The enemies of M. La Harpe in Russia obliged him at last to give in his resignation in 1793. The empress desired to see him once more, and he found her convinced that the French revolution had consumed itself, and was on the point of yielding to the coalition; but, in a conversation which lasted two hours, he placed the question in a new and wholly different point of view. Some days after this, the Russian army in Poland, which was to have joined that of the allies, having received counter orders, the coincidence between this change of measures and the conversation was remarked, and did not diminish the ill-will borne to him. M. La Harpe left the court of St. Petersburg very little richer than when he came to it, and returned to Geneva, his own country being interdicted to him. He applied from Geneva for leave to visit his father, then very old, and on his death-bed at Nion, offering to perform the journey under a guard, at his own expense. The hard and injudicious denial of this request confirmed the hatred of a dangerous enemy, who might have been conciliated. From this time to the invasion of Switzerland, he never ceased to excite the subjects of Berne by his writings, in which the grievances were outrageously exaggerated, and to suggest specious pretences for France to meddle with the internal concerns of Switzerland, careless of involving his country with a power in whose views no confidence could be placed. When the consequence of the invasion became manifest, he bitterly lamented it, and is known to have carried his opposition to the oppressive measures of the French generals and commissaries to such a length, as to urge to the Helvetic directory, of which he was a member, the necessity of an address to the nation, and a proclamation, authorizing individuals to repel oppression, and oppose force to force at all risks. We are inclined to admit, on the testimony of persons well acquainted with M. La Harpe, and at variance with him on many points, that his motives were always pure, and that he was not actuated

by private revenge or personal ambition; but really believed in the practicability of certain Utopian schemes, founded on the models of antiquity. Baffled on all sides, he retired to a private station in his native town, declaring that three centuries of servitude had unfitted his countrymen for the blessings of liberty. Paul I. had withdrawn the small pension allowed him by Catherine, after twelve years of unrewarded services. It is now restored, but, as is believed, without any addition.

Memoirs of the Life of Artemi of Wagarschapat, near Mount Ararat, in Armenia: from the Original Armenian; written by himself. 8vo. pp. 374. London, 1822.

A MORE singular piece of auto-biography was never presented to the public than the life of Artemi, which does not merely possess that interest which is inseparable from the personal history of the writer and the narrative of his vicissitudes, adventures, and sufferings; but it also exhibits a striking picture of the extreme degradation to which the relics of the once flourishing Armenians are now reduced in their native land. Under the double tyranny of their Mahometan rulers and their own ecclesiastics, the Armenians seek abroad that quiet independence and prosperity, which are not to be obtained by any exertion of talents and industry at home; hence they are closely assimilated to the Jews, and, confining themselves almost exclusively to commerce, with them nearly monopolize the traffic of the east, and have mercantile establishments in several of the principal cities of Europe, as London, Marseilles, Venice, &c.

Artemi was born on the 20th of April, 1774, in the town of Wagarschapat. His father, who was a lapidary, died when he was only four months old; so that he was entirely indebted for his education to his mother, who frequently advised him to impress upon his memory the untoward circumstances that might befall him, in order constantly to bear in mind the goodness of God towards him. He says he followed this counsel, and accustomed himself to commit regularly to writing all incidents as they occurred, and then formed a complete history of his life in the Armenian language.

In Wagarschapat, although there were seven hundred houses, yet there were only ten persons who could read. Artemi was one of the ten; and, having learned what was requisite, in September, 1786* he went to the church to

* This is the date given; but it is evidently incorrect, as he speaks, two years afterwards,

evening service, and read, for the first time, the psalms presented for the occasion by the Armenian ritual. Here he was interrupted by the *Starschines*, or elders, whose children were unable to read, and who, waiting till he had finished, cried out to the priest, 'Why dost thou allow this beggar-brat to read here? he will not do what our children do: give him a sound thrashing, and send him about his business.' The priest did as he was told, gave Artemi a violent slap on the face, and drove him from the altar; and here the author introduces an interesting narrative, by his mother, of her own life, which, for simplicity and pathos, is really delightful. It affected Artemi very much; 'but,' says he, very emphatically, 'I drank my tears.' The 'little learning' of Artemi was, indeed, 'a dangerous thing,' and provoked the anger of his neighbours; the day after he had publicly read in church, the tithing-man was sent to him, who chastised him with a stick, and, on his mother saying that 'she wished to God his children might be treated in the same manner,' the merciless tithing-man repeatedly struck her in the face, and then dragged them both before Kalust, the supreme director of the village. The poor mother was ordered to be beat, and some boors carried this mandate into such dreadful effect, that her clothes were soaked with blood, and she was then dragged by the hair back to her house.

The talents of Artemi, at length, recommended him to the archimandrite, and he was admitted into the convent. Of his new master, Karapet, he says:—

'He was a very good man, at least in this respect better than many others. As far as I could observe, he was not at all addicted to the vanities of this world. No passion disturbed the tranquillity of his soul, but he was exceedingly fond of good and savoury cheer. I too, for my part, knew no want, and lived well, but my education was totally neglected. I did nothing particular for Karapet, nor was I instructed in any thing but to cook his victuals; sometimes I occupied myself in reading the Holy Scriptures, and, as I had many leisure hours, I wrote a circumstantial narrative of my mother's history and adventures. The inhabitants of Arapker, Karapet's native town, use a great number of singular and, many of them, ludicrous expressions, and they are extremely partial to spices in their food. They cook scarcely a single dish without wild pepper. Karapet employed the same expressions and had his victuals as highly seasoned as the rest of his towns-people. I of being only ten years of age, whereas this makes him then twelve old.—REV.

was often surprised that such hot ingredients did not consume his intestines; for the mere tasting of them would burn the skin from my lips, and the very smell overpowered me. The other archimandrites and inmates of the convent often laughed at his language and his dishes, and I, as his servant, came in for a share of their jeers; but, with this exception, I lived two years with him contented and happy.'

An untoward accident brought Artemi into disgrace. On the eve of the festival of the elevation of the cross,—

'I had not noticed,' says he, 'that, in the church regulations, a different anthem was prescribed for this occasion, and made a blunder in the evening service, by commencing the usual strophes; nor did I correct myself till the second chorus began to be sung. Karapet himself had not at all times his wits about him, and would probably have committed the same blunder that I had; he was, nevertheless, extremely angry with me. On quitting the church he overtook me, caught me furiously by the arm, and dashed me with such such violence against the flag stones, with which the way was paved, that I lay quite insensible, as I was afterwards told, for above an hour, till some other persons, hearing of the circumstance, came and carried me in their arms to his cell. The blood had started from my eyes to such a degree that I was quite blind for three days; all my fingers were smashed, and I was bathed as it were in blood.'

Artemi requiring more skilful attention than could be obtained at the convent, he was sent to one of their agents, at some distance, one Revas, a skilful workman in copper and silver, who took him to a skilful bone-setter, forty wersts further. He was afterwards fetched back to the convent, but declared he would not stay:—

'The reverend fathers then took it into their heads to extort my consent by violence. They ordered me to be beaten on the soles of the feet with small sticks. This is a common punishment among us, and is not unfrequently inflicted with such severity that the sufferer is deprived of speech and sense: it is called *fulach*, and is executed as follows:—At an equal distance from each end of a long pole is attached a cord in the form of a noose, into which are put the legs of the person to be punished, and these are fastened so tightly to the pole that he cannot stir them, which of itself occasions violent pain. The sufferer is laid on his back on the floor or ground; two men, holding the ends of the pole, lift it breast-high, while a third strikes the soles of the feet. While they were thus beating me, they asked, from time to time, whether I would stay in the convent; but I was firmly resolved to endure every thing, and to renounce the monks: in this manner I parted from their reverences, and thanked God that I

was not tortured to death. I was thrust ignominiously out of the convent, and returned to my mother at Wagarschapat. This happened in the spring of 1788, in the month of May, which with us is the finest season in the year. I was then fourteen years old.'

He was afterwards admitted into the convent to learn the trade of book-binding. Here his mother was befriended by Msrach, a priest of Merk-Kulap, who had turned robber, with the view only of serving the poor, by a more equal distribution of the good things of this world. Artemi's account of this man possesses great simplicity:—

'Msrach certainly did commit depredations; but this man, with an excessively ardent, impetuous, and, in some respects, vindictive disposition, unlike other thieves, by his robberies avenged, as it were, the poor on the rich, and succoured the former, as far as lay in his power, with what he took from the latter; as if to restore to them a portion of those good things which the wealthy had engrossed. The inhabitants of the village of Merk-Kulap, who were in a state of abject indigence, he assisted to the utmost. If he met with a poor man on the road, he accompanied him till he was in a place of safety; and if he learned from him that he was in urgent distress, he relieved him to the extent of his ability. He reserved but little of his booty for his personal use, and never had any superfluity, but distributed nearly the whole among the unfortunate who fell in his way. In many of the villages the poor blessed him for his benevolence. According to the regulations of the Armenian church, every Armenian ecclesiastic, who has to hold high mass, must previously confess his sins to another priest: now it happened several times that Msrach desired to be confessed, but the other priests to whom he applied reproached him with his misdeeds; on which he compelled them by fear to comply, and extorted absolution by threatening them with his vengeance. But, notwithstanding the eccentricity of such conduct, Msrach brought to the Lord the confession of his sins and of his repentance with such apparent sincerity and such extraordinary contrition, that his whole soul seemed, if I may be allowed the expression, to be dissolved in bitter tears, which he shed in torrents on such occasions.'

Artemi was next seized on as one of thirty-five, to assist in building a fortress on Mount Arakat.

They took provisions with them for a week, at the end of which time they were to have been relieved; but no one came—their provisions were exhausted, and they subsisted eight days on herbs. At the end of six months, winter obstructed the work, and they returned home by a different route:—

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'By the way,' continues Artemi, 'I found, at the foot of a hill, a monument of rough stone, about two fathoms and a half in height. I stopped to survey it, and regretted that I could not read the inscription upon it in ancient Greek; when an inhabitant of Uschakan came towards me and said, 'What art thou here examining so inquisitively? or hast thou a mind to be the eighth?' By these words my curiosity was but the more strongly excited, and I earnestly besought him to inform me who was interred under this stone. "On this spot," said he, "there were formerly vineyards, and where this monument stands were interred seven brothers, who were murdered by robbers, being sent out by their father one after the other to look for the first who was missing, and who had been left here as watchman. At length, after waiting in vain for the return of the last of them, he went himself, and was also slain and thrown by the villains into a pit, in which the juice of the grapes is collected: for which reason this place is called the tomb of the seven brothers."

On reaching home, he found his mother weeping for his supposed death. Soon after Artemi's brother was married. He says:—

'My brother's wife brought him for her portion half as much as he, agreeably to our custom, had been obliged to give to her parents. The expenses of the wedding were, in some measure, defrayed by the present in money which each guest made to the bridegroom, and which produced my brother about eighteen rubles.

'According to our custom, a new married woman must not speak to any person in the house excepting her husband and servants. She has, therefore, to express herself by signs, and turns round immediately if a man or even a woman looks at her. She eats with her husband alone and not at the family table. This tyrannical custom retains its sway even after she has lain in three or four times, nay, as I have known instances, after she has lived ten years with her husband. Four months, however, had not elapsed from my brother's marriage, when I began to be heartily weary of the mute conversation of my sister-in-law. Still more did I pity her, to whom this constraint could not fail to be equally irksome and vexatious. I spoke, therefore, with my mother on the subject; and, as her sentiments coincided with mine, I proposed to my brother to allow his wife to talk to us with her tongue and not with her hands and feet, and assured him of my willingness to teach her to read. Thus did we renounce a silly and barbarous practice, regardless of the ridicule and calumny with which we should be assailed in our town; for it could not well be kept secret—in short, our new relation conversed with us as freely as any other individual.'

(To be continued.)

Americana,

No. VIII.

ANECDOTES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

From Major Garden's Biographical Sketches.

Marion.—An anecdote is related of him, of the authenticity of which many of his followers can still give testimony. A British officer was sent from the garrison at Georgetown (S. C.) to negotiate a business interesting to both armies; when this was concluded, and the officer about to return, the general said, 'If it suits your convenience, sir, to remain for a short period, I shall be glad of your company to dinner.' The mild and dignified simplicity of Marion's manners had already produced their effect; and to prolong so interesting an interview, the invitation was accepted. The entertainment was served up on pieces of bark, and consisted entirely of roasted potatoes, of which the general ate heartily, requesting his guest to profit by his example, repeating the old adage, that 'hunger was an excellent sauce.' 'But, surely, general,' said the officer, 'this cannot be your ordinary fare.' 'Indeed, it is, sir,' he replied, 'and we are fortunate on this occasion, *entertaining company*, to have more than our usual allowance.'

While the British were preparing for embarkation, a party was sent to Lamprier's Point, to procure water. A hint was given to Marion, that this would afford a fair opportunity of inflicting a parting blow: to which he replied,—'My brigade is composed of citizens, enough of whose blood has already been shed; if ordered to attack the enemy, I shall obey; but not another drop shall, with my consent, be lost, though it should procure me the greatest honours that, as a soldier, I could aspire to. Certain as I am that the enemy are at the point of departure, so far from offering to molest, I would rather send a party to protect them.'

Horry.—A ludicrous story is told of him, that, though probably varied in the narration, has its foundation in truth. Colonel Horry was once ordered to wait the approach of a British detachment in ambuscade; a service he performed with such skill, that he had them completely within his power; when, from a dreadful impediment in his speech, by which he was afflicted, he could not articulate the word 'fire.' In vain he made the attempt—it was fi, fi, fi—but he could get no further. At length, irritated almost to madness, he exclaimed, 'Shoot, d—n you—

shoot—you know very well what I would say—shoot, shoot, and be d—n'd to you!' He was present in every engagement of consequence, and on all occasions increased his reputation. At Quinby, Colonel Baxter, a gallant soldier, possessed of great coolness, and still greater simplicity of character, calling out, 'I am wounded, colonel!' Horry replied, 'Think no more of it, Baxter, but stand to your post.' 'But I can't stand, colonel—I am wounded a second time!' 'Then lie down, Baxter, but quit not your post.' 'Colonel,' cried the wounded man, 'they have shot me again, and, if I remain any longer here, I shall be shot to pieces.' 'Be it so, Baxter, but stir not.' He obeyed the order, and actually received the fourth wound before this engagement ended.

Davie.—General Davie (who was associated with Gen. Marshal and Mr. Gerry, in the mission sent by President Adams to France) contemplated the character of Napoleon Bonaparte with great attention. He saw him often and conversed with him freely.—He considered him a man of first-rate talents as a warrior, and of great reach as a statesman. But he regarded him also as a man of unbounded ambition, restrained by no principles, human or divine. On one occasion, after an interesting conversation, Buonaparte concluded by saying, that he considered power as the only foundation of right. 'Enfin, monsieur, la force est droit.'

General Henry Lee.—In his Memoirs, which, as a literary composition, do him high honour, it is remarkable that he is so shy in claiming military merit; and certainly, in various instances, has withheld pretensions, which he might have fairly made, to high distinction. He has not hinted, in the slightest degree, that the grand scheme for the recovery of the two Southern States, when Lord Cornwallis, after the battle of Guilford, retired to Wilmington, was first suggested to Gen. Greene by him; and that it would have been afterwards abandoned, but for his earnest remonstrances. Such, however, was the truth, and the evidence corroborating it is perfect. In reply to my inquiries on the subject, the honourable Judge Johnson, of Abingdon, Virginia, a meritorious and distinguished officer of the revolution, says, 'I am perfectly satisfied that the grand enterprise, for the recovery of South Carolina and Georgia, by marching into those states, when Lord Cornwallis retired to Wilmington, originated

ed with Col. Lee.' Accident afforded me the view of a letter, written by Gen. Greene to Colonel Lee, immediately after the second battle of Camden, fought on the 25th of April, 1781, in which the general expressed a determination to abandon the scheme of continuing his progress southwardly; and directed Lee to join him immediately with his corps, which had, about that time, reduced the post of the enemy at Wright's Bluff, on the Santee river. I shall never forget one expression in that letter, which goes very far to prove that I am right in the opinion that I have ever since entertained. 'I fear, my friend,' said the general, 'that I have pursued your advice too far; I have resolved to march back with the army toward Virginia, and desire that you will join me with your command as soon as possible.' Without a moment's delay Colonel Lee left the legion, and sought General Greene, doubtless to counteract the pernicious tendency of this hasty resolution, since he speedily returned, countermanded the orders to unite with the main army, crossed the Santee, and marched rapidly forward to lay siege to Forte Motte. This statement is fully supported by the testimony of Dr. Matthew Irvine; and more satisfactory authority could not be desired, since he was actually the agent, the organ of communication betwixt the two, while the scheme was in agitation and ripened for perfection.

Gen. William Washington.—While attached to the light corps commanded by Gen. Morgan, he, by a very ingenious stratagem, carried the point at Rugely's, taking a large body of the enemy without firing a single shot. Apprised of the character of his opponent, Rugely, he fixed a pine log on the front wheels of a waggon, so as to make it appear, at a distance, as a field piece, and threatened immediate destruction, should resistance be attempted; the affrighted colonel requested that quarter might be allowed, and surrendered at discretion. It was on this occasion, that Lord Cornwallis, writing to Lieut. Col. Tarleton, laconically said, 'Rugely will not be a brigadier.'

Wilmott and Moore.—A few days previous to the evacuation of Charleston, a very rash expedition, suggested by Colonel Kosciuszko, occasioned the loss of Capt. Wilmott and Lieut. Moore, two of the most distinguished partisans in the service. The British buried Wilmott with the honours of

war, and showed the greatest attention to Moore, who was removed to Charleston to receive the best surgical assistance. The limb in which he received the principal wound was amputated, but mortification soon followed. Mrs. Daniel Hall, in whose house he lodged, and who had watched over him unremittingly, being apprised of the business which brought the most distinguished surgeons, entered the apartment of Moore as soon as they had retired, and said, 'I am happy to find that you have not been subjected to so severe an operation as had been anticipated; you appear to have experienced but little agony; I was constantly in the next room, and heard not a groan.' 'My kind friend,' he replied, 'I feel not the less agony; but I would not have breathed a sigh in the presence of British officers, to have secured a long and fortunate existence.'

Mrs. Daniel Hall, having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when a British officer stepping forward in the most authoritative manner, demanded the key of her trunk. 'What do you expect to find there?' said the lady. 'I seek for treason,' was the reply. 'You may save yourself the trouble of search, then,' said Mrs. Hall, 'you may find a plenty of it at my tongue's end.'

Mrs. Brewton, walking in Broad Street, in Charleston, when the British were in possession of Charleston, in deep mourning, according to the fashion of the Whig ladies, an English officer joined her at the moment that a crape flounce was accidentally torn from her dress. She picked it up, and, passing the house of John Rutledge, the absent American governor, then occupied by the English Colonel Moncrief, she exclaimed, 'Where are you, dearest governor; surely the magnanimous Britons will not deem it a crime, if I cause your house as well as your friends to mourn your absence.' Saying this, she tied the crape to the front railing and departed. Whether her companion mentioned the circumstance, or that her conduct was observed by persons within (which is more probable,) it is certain that, in a few hours, she was arrested and sent off to Philadelphia.

An officer, distinguished by his inhumanity and constant oppressions of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliott in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the camquile, which appeared to

flourish with peculiar luxuriance. 'The Rebel Flower,' she replied. 'Why was that name given to it?' said the officer. 'Because,' replied the lady, 'it thrives most when most trampled upon.'

Mrs. Sabina Elliott, having witnessed the activity of an officer who had ordered the plundering of her poultry houses, finding an old muscovy drake, which had escaped the general search, straying about the premises, had him caught, and, mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded that, in the hurry of departure, it had been left altogether by accident.

Original Communications.

THE GOOSE AND THE BAGPIPER: A FABLE.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

A GOOSE being once taunted by a bagpiper on the harshness of his music, challenged the latter to a trial of skill, and the dispute was referred to a dog as the umpire. The bagpiper, as the most honourable biped of the two, began first, and played a Scotch melody, which he was sure would determine the victory in his favour. It was followed by a canorous monotone from his splay-foot antagonist, in the very best style of goose music. The dog, who had listened with the utmost gravity and attention to both musicians, gave his opinion in the following words:—I adjudge the victory to monsieur, my very good friend, the goose; and for this reason: none but the very lowest rabble are pleased with the sound of a bagpipe, while every goose claps his wings when another cackles.'

Moral.

The most miserable proficient in any study or art, are generally those who are proudest of their acquirements. Socrates, the Solomon of the heathens, was accustomed to say, that he knew but one thing,—his own ignorance. Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest philosopher the world has ever seen, was also the man of greatest modesty, attributing all his discoveries 'to patient thought and keeping the subject continually before the mind.' Locke, the celebrated cotemporary of Newton, devoted one chapter of his Essay on Human Understanding, to exhibiting the extent of our ignorance, and another to proving the insignificance of our knowledge. On the other hand, we never see vanity more predominant than in the persons of schoolmasters, poets, and musicians,

who know just so much of their different arts as makes them very troublesome companions; in which light they are universally considered, even by those who are as ignorant and as foolish as themselves.

Besides, we should not despise those qualities in others which are agreeable to their situation in life, though they may possibly appear ridiculous to our nicer judgment and delicacy. If a peasant had all the grace of an opera dancer, he would not handle his mattock a whit more dexterously; if he had the soft milk-white hand of a courtier, he would be so much the less able to pursue his laborious employment. Our qualifications are to be estimated by their utility, if they are *necessary* attributes, such as strength, judgment, &c.; by the pleasure they afford, if they are *superfluous* accomplishments, such as the knowledge of music, dancing, &c.

ESOP MINOR.

QUERIES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—I should be obliged, if some of your friends would solve the following queries, viz. :—

Is it a fact that *leeches*, which have been applied to a *patient*, communicate the *disease* to the next patient to whom they are fixed?

Why do the kidney bean, convolvulus, and some other plants, follow the sun's course in their growth, turning from east to west round their supporters, while the hop, honey-suckle, and many others, twine the contrary way?

What is the origin of a custom in Berkshire, called '*the Free Bench*'?

Is it true that the children of three parochial schools are not permitted to attend St. Paul's at the anniversary, and for the assigned reason, that their three respective churches did not ring their bells on Queen Charlotte's first public entry into the city of London?

ANTIQ.

CRUELTY OF ENGLISH SPORTS.

THERE is a bill now in Parliament for preventing cruelty to animals. Mr. Martin, of Galway, who introduced it, particularly alluded to the cruelties which he had witnessed at a sort of bear garden in Westminster, in the baiting of bears, and combats of dogs, monkeys, &c. We are certainly no advocates for abridging the sports or amusements of the public, but we do think that bull-baiting, bear-

baiting, and cock-fighting are in themselves so cruel and so often attended with circumstances of the most gross and wanton barbarity, that they ought to be abolished; nor do we think that English feeling or English courage would suffer by their suppression.

These sports are all of them of great antiquity, and almost peculiar to England. A writer in a respectable morning paper, the *Herald*, gives the following historical notice on the subject, which we think sufficiently curious for preservation in the *Literary Chronicle*.

In the reign of Henry VIII. there were two established theatres on the Bankside, Southwark, for the express purpose of baiting bulls and bears, called the 'Bull Baiting' and the 'Bear Baiting.' They were circular wooden fabrics, open at top, somewhat resembling the *Circi* of the ancients, and had a number of small flags stuck round them during the times of exhibition, which then regularly took place on a Sunday, when, according to a satirical rhymester of the period, 'men, who had little money to spend, would give a halfpenny, one penny, or two-pence (different prices, we suppose, for the seats they occupied) for the bearward's benefit,' when they had better have kept it in their own pockets. Great crowds assembled on those occasions, insomuch that, some years afterwards, as we are told by Stowe, on a Sunday, about four o'clock in the afternoon, 'the olde and underpropped scaffoldes, round about the bear-garden, being overcharged with people, fell suddenly down, whereby eight persons were killed, as also many hurt.' And subsequently (viz. 1598), speaking of these places as they then existed, he says, 'Here are kept beares, bulls, and other beasts to be bayted, as also mastiffs in several kennels nourished to bayt them,' and adds, 'such beares and other beasts are kept in plots of ground, scaffolded about for the beholder to stand safe.' This kind of diversion was, however, of remoter origin, and patronized by persons of very superior rank to the above, for we find in the Northumberland Household Book, written in the early part of the reign of Henry VII., that a bearward, or keeper of the bears, was among the royal officers, that book specifying, that my Lord of Northumberland's annual gift, or Christmas box, 'to the kyng or queene's bearwarde,' was 6s. 8d., and to his own bearward at the same season, 'when he came with his lordshippe's beasts, for the making of

his lordship's pastyme, the twenty-one days, 21s.'

Queen Elizabeth is well known to have taken great delight in these baitings, and to have had also her officer for superintending them; for, on the Southwark Bear Garden being hired by Alleyn, the celebrated actor, he so well stocked the place with beasts, that when Sir John Davington, master of the bears to her majesty, wanted to exhibit this game before her at the Tilt Yard, he applied to him for his assistance. King James appointed Sir William Stewart to this office, whose patent being purchased by the same Alleyn, the latter became 'master, keeper, and overseer of all and singular his majesty's games of bears and bulls and mastive bitches,' and was induced, in consequence, to change the temporary building he had erected at the Bear Garden, into a large octangular shaped theatre, which was called the Hope. And the Sunday-afternoon exhibition being soon afterwards stopped, he addressed a petition to the king, complaining of that and other grievances, in which he tells his Majesty, 'that in respect of the charge that the keeping the said game continually required, and also the smallness of the fee in the late queen's time, free liberty had been permitted without restraint to bait them, which was then taken away, especially on the Sundays in the afternoons after divine service, which was the chiefest means and benefit to the place. And that this restriction, with the loss of divers beasts, as before the King of Denmark they lost a goodly bear of the name of George Stone, also four more of their best beasts at another baiting before himself,' their profits were much reduced, &c. Of the nature of the performances near this time, we have an amusing account left us by Houtznar, a German traveller, who was over here in 1598. 'On the Bankside,' says he, 'is yet another place, built in the form of a theatre, which serves for the baiting of bulls and bears. They are fastened behind, and then were worried by great English bull-dogs; but not without great risk to the dogs from the horns of the one and the teeth of the other; and as it sometimes happens that they are killed upon the spot, fresh ones are immediately supplied in the place of those wounded or that are tired. To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men standing circularly with whips, which they exer-

cise upon them without mercy. As he cannot escape from them because of his chain, he defends himself with all his force and skill, throwing down all who come within his reach, or are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing the whips out of their hands and breaking them.' A more brutal and cruel exhibition than this latter one, we think, cannot easily be imagined.

It was not unusual to succeed the bear baiting with other amusements befitting such audiences assembled here; for, besides this humane sport of whipping to death a poor animal chained and confined, by six lusty animals more brutal than himself, Alleyn tells the public, in the conclusion of one of his advertisements, they should witness a 'plaie of 5 dogges at the single bear for 5l.; also a bull should be wearied dead at the stake, and they should, besides, for their better content, have pleasant sport with the horse and the ape.' Sometimes other animals were substituted for bears. A lion was baited in 1675; King James had previously, viz. in 1620, sent a young tiger to the garden for the same purpose; and a singular advertisement in 1681, specifies that 'at the house on the Bankside, being his majesty's bear garden, there would be a horse baited to death, of a most vast strength and greatness, being between eighteen and nineteen hands high, for the divertisement of his Excellency the Ambassador of Fez and Morocco.'

More instances might be adduced, to prove, that our ancestors, in regard to these sports, were by no means behindhand with us in cruelty, but the above will suffice. The reader who desires to see further on the subject, will find abundance of curious particulars in Mr. Lyson's *Environs of London*, who deduces the baitings down to 1750, after which they were only practised occasionally and without sanction. The last patent he found for it was one granted to Sir Saunders Duncombe, 1639, 'for the sole practising and profit of the fighting and combatting of wild and domestic beasts in England,' for fourteen years. The site of the Bear Garden where these scenes took place is still commemorated in the name of Bear Garden Square, on the Bankside. When removed thence, it was established for some time at Hockley in the Hole. As, however, antiquity cannot justify such savage sports we wish them abolished.

Original Poetry.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND,

Written on the Author's departure for the Continent.

THE plant, deep rooted, keeps its natal spot—
See it there spring and bloom, there fade and rot;

But man, for various busy life design'd,
Seeks distant climes with enterprising mind.
Not mighty oceans roaming man retain,
A path he paves far thro' the boundless main,
And far he follows, where fate leads or gain. }
Or to the earthly globe's extreme confines,
Where Zephyr blows not, nor bright Phœbus shines,

Where endless winter decks the icy soil,
And endless night consumes the smouldering oil.
Not there the verdant grass or odorous flower,
The pleasing lawn or fragrant-breathing bower,
But barren rocks and frozen mountains rise
From the cold desert to the darksome skies;
Or to those climates, where the orb of day
Burns the parch'd verdure with inclement ray,
The poisonous Kamsin, with contagious breath,
Scatters around whole magazines of death.
Thro' oceans, burning deserts, sunless snows, }
Man, prodigal of life, health, peace, repose,
Suffers a thousand ills, encounters a thousand foes:

Thus fate now bids me quit my natal shore,
Late to return, or to return no more.

But where the savage, of unsocial mind,
To country, kindred, friendship, feeling, blind,
Who 'cast not one long ling'ring look behind, }
When fortune bade him quit his natal shore,
Late to return, or to return no more:

Nay, while the vital fluid fills his veins,
And while unquench'd the spark of life remains,
The gen'rous heart affects his native earth,
Were it a desert, that first gave him birth.
Oft he reflects his sorrow-streaming eyes
From foreign shores, to where his country lies:
'There, there,' he says, 'beneath refragant bowers,

How oft I past the smoothly-sliding hours!
O there, beneath an oak's umbrageous boughs,
Belinda first gave audience to my vows.
Haply those bowers are green, that oak still grows,

As in my heart the self same ardor glows.
Even remembrance is with bliss replete,
So softly saddening and so sadly sweet!
Roll swift, ye circling suns; years, swiftly fly!
Soon may I breathe beneath my natal sky;
Soon may I reach my loved, loved Albion's shore,

Soon there return, and never quit it more!"
Ulysses, all his various labours past,
Reached his dear home, his Ithaca, at last;
Vigorous he left it, but now weak and old,
His hair grown grey, his vital fluid cold;
Still, still the sight renew'd his youth again,
Strengthened his sinews, fired his every vein.
Thus, when again I reach my natal shore,
Tho' old and weak, I shall be young once more.

June 19, 1822.

LABIENUS.

FAREWELL TO THE BRAES OF LAGGAN.

A SONG.

TUNE—"Mally Aiken."—By M'Neil.

FARE ye well, ye rising mountains,

Where I've often chas'd the deer;

Fare ye well, ye crystal fountains

And ye murmuring burnies clear.

Fare ye well, Braes of Laggan!

O'er the sea I must go.

Fare thee, well my native cottage,
Where I've oft, in artless rhimes,
To the listening mountain-beauties
Sung love-odes of other times.
Fare ye well! &c.

Fare ye well, ye spreading mosses,
Waving with the Cana's plume;
Fare ye well, ye verdant meadows,
Speckled with the daisy's bloom.
Fare ye well, &c.

Fare ye well, ye winding grottos,
And ye oozy caverns gray;
Fare ye well, ye gloomy forests,
And adieu, ye Banks of Spey.
Fare ye well! &c.

Fare ye well, ye lakes whose billows
Glitter in the morning's glow;
Fare ye well, ye waving willows,
And ye flowery vallies low.
Fare ye well! &c.

Fare thee well, thou sacred circle,
Where the nodding yew-trees grow,
Round the mouldering moss-grown mansions
Where my father's dust lies low.
Fare ye well! &c.

'Tis not all the woes and perils,
Like a lowering wintry sky,
Gathering in a storm around me,
That could urge the bitter sigh.
Fare ye well! &c.

I could bid adieu to Laggan,
From my friends and kindred part;
But, to leave my dearest Morag,
It will break her faithful heart.
Fare ye well, Braes of Laggan;
I must go o'er the sea.
AULD DOMINIE.

Fine Arts.

ANNUAL ORATIONS ON ST. MATTHEW'S DAY, AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

THIS is a highly finished engraving, by Walker, in the line manner, from Stothard's admirable cabinet picture of that interesting ceremony, the delivery of the annual orations at Christ's Hospital, before the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Governors of the institution. The picture is considered one of Mr. Stothard's best performances, the arrangement of the vast number of figures it contains, being correct without formality, and the light and shade at once grand and strikingly natural. The period of time represented is the anniversary of Sept. 21, 1798, being the last year of the Rev. James Boyer's officiating, when he resigned his situation as principal master of the classics, and, as an acknowledgment of his meritorious services, was elected by the committee of governors as one of their body. The engraving is of the same size as the original, viz. 26½ by 17½ inches, and contains portraits of the court of aldermen and principal persons engaged in the ceremony. The boy represented as having delivered the English oration, is W. E. Chislyn,

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Esq. of St. John's College, Cambridge; and the one in the act of speaking the Latin oration, is J. Wood, Esq. now a fellow of Pembroke College.

Mr. Walker, who is an artist of great promise, has here shown how much of the beauty, vigour, and correctness of a painting can be transferred from the canvas to the copper, and we have seldom seen a more chaste and spirited engraving, than that he has here given us, of a most excellent picture. Though the subject is rather a local one, yet we trust there are a sufficient number of patrons to whom it must be interesting to indemnify the artist; and we would advise him hereafter to select some subject of a more general nature, since, after the proof he has given of his talents, no painter can hesitate to entrust their best works in his hands.

MR. GIBSON, THE SCULPTOR.

The following extract of a letter from Rome, dated the 10th ult. must be highly gratifying to the lover of the fine arts, both as relating to the patron and the artist:—

'The lovers of the fine arts, in England, will be rejoiced to hear, that our young countryman, John Gibson, the sculptor, goes on rapidly increasing in reputation. He has lately modelled a fine basso relievo of 'Pysche borne by Zephyrus,' large as life. Sir George Beaumont called the other day to see it; and, after commending highly the exquisite grace of the figures, and the happy manner in which the whole subject is imagined, gave our friend directions to execute the model in marble; and, with a munificence worthy of so distinguished a patron of art, accompanied his orders with the sum of *seven hundred pounds*. Canova, whose gigantic powers are only surpassed by his noble disinterestedness, and by a desire on all occasions to foster rising merit, has expressed his admiration of the work in such high terms, that all the English of distinction here have thronged the studio of Gibson to see it.'

The Drama,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—*John Buzzby* has continued to draw good, though not crowded audiences, since it was first produced; it is, however, doubtful whether it will keep long possession of a stage where novelty is the order of the day.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—A new comic opera, in two acts, was produced here on Wednesday evening, entitled *All in the Dark, or the Banks of the*

Elbe. The following is a list of the *dramatis personæ* and sketch of the story:—

Baron Von Braunschweig	Mr. Bartley.
Lieut. Frederick Blumenthal	Mr. J. Bland.
his nephew	Mr. Rowbotham.
Lieut. Adolphus Steinbach	Mr. Power.
Schnel, valet to Adolphus	Mr. Salter.
Knapps, valet to Frederick	Mr. Minton.
Quartz, landlord of the inn at Miessen	Mr. Wilkinson.
Stoup, his waiter and son-in-law	Mr. W. Bennet.
Vogler, porter to the baron	Mr. Johnson.
Officer of the Landwehr Guard	Guards, Servants, Tenantry, Dancers, &c.
Rosa Blumenthal, sister to Frederick	Miss Carew.
Sophia Steinbach, sister to Adolphus	Miss Povey.
Madel, daughter to Quartz, and married to Stoup	Miss Kelly.

The scene is laid near Dresden:—

Two young officers, Steinbach and Blumenthal, are respectively engaged to two young ladies, the former to the sister of the latter, and *vice versa*. Steinbach discovering that Blumenthal has involved himself in pecuniary embarrassments, arising, as he supposes, from gambling debts, refuses to sanction his marriage. They fight in consequence; their superior officer is informed of the affray; and, in the alarm of the moment, both fly from their quarters. In the hurry of departure each happens to take with him the commission, passports, and papers of the other; and, in order to avoid suspicion, each assumes the name of the other. Steinbach arrives at Miessen, attended by his valet. From the communicative disposition of Madel, he learns that he is within half a league of the chateau of Baron von Braunschweig, who is Blumenthal's uncle, and, soon after, the baron comes to the inn to breakfast. Among other things he speaks of his nephew, whose arrival is momentarily expected. Madel informs him that his nephew is in the house; at least Blumenthal was the name the young officer went by. The fictitious nephew is accordingly introduced, and the uncle, not having previously seen him for several years, receives him with the most cordial feeling, and finds him exceedingly like the family. At the chateau a new danger awaits him, for there he meets Rosa, his mistress, and the sister of Blumenthal. She, however, by a little adroitness, manages the first interview; an explanation follows: with the advice and assistance of Madel, who is taken into Rosa's service, they contrive to conceal the mystery from the baron. The real Blumenthal soon arrives. The plot thickens with every art of contrivance to evade discovery, lest the safety of either should be endangered by the intervention of the landwehr. Their precautions, however, do not extend to love engagements, and, as Sophia happens to be on a visit to her friend Rosa, the two gentlemen being reconciled by proper explanations, they all agree to set off to Dresden to get married. The plan comes to the uncle's ears; he

catches them on the point of elopement; but the whole of the circumstances having been, in the mean time, communicated to the baron by letters from head-quarters, and pardon having been duly obtained for the culprits, he saves them the trouble of going to Dresden, by agreeing to the double marriage.

It will be seen that the story is crowded with incident and full of equivoque; the situations are also striking, and some of them highly amusing. The piece, which combines nearly the whole comic and operatic strength of the company, was extremely well acted, although none of the characters are remarkable for originality or force. Miss Kelly, on whom a good share of the piece rested, played with great animation. Miss Carew and Miss Povey sung delightfully, particularly a sweet duet, which was encored. Bartley was an excellent German baron, Power one of the best valets we ever saw, and Wilkinson, as a servant, jealous of his wife, was highly amusing. The piece is said to be by Mr. Planché, and the music, which is pretty, by Mr. Livius. It was received with the loud plaudits of a crowded house.

That interesting child in years, but matured woman in comic talent, Miss Clara Fisher, has played Crack, Priscilla Tomboy, and Little Pickle, most delightfully.

Literature and Science.

Russia.—From a report lately made of the extent, population, industry, commerce, &c. of the Russian empire, it appears the fifty governments of Russia comprehend 298,950 geographical square miles, and contain 40,067,000 inhabitants. There are 3724 manufactories in the empire. The capital employed in commerce, as stated by merchants, amounts to 318,660,000 roubles. The revenue arising from the poll-tax, and that upon drink, is stated at 169,350,000 roubles.

Autographs.—To possess the signatures or hand-writing of literary or distinguished characters, has ever been considered a valuable curiosity, but it remained for our speculating age to see such matters put up to sale by public auction. At a twelve days' sale of books, &c., that has just concluded, several autographs were amongst the lots. One lot was the signature of Buonaparte; it fetched *eighteen* shillings. Another lot consisted of several autographs, the most celebrated of which was that of the late Princess Charlotte; the lot fetched 5l.

The Bee.

As a gentleman was travelling on horseback, a short time since, in the west of Norfolk, a lark dropped on the pommel of the saddle, and, spreading its wings in a submissive manner, cowered close to him; he stopped his horse, and sat for some time in astonishment, looking at the bird, which he supposed to be wounded, but, in endeavouring to take it, it crept round him and placed itself behind; turning himself on the saddle to observe it, it dropped between the legs of the horse and remained immovable. It then struck him that the poor thing was pursued, and, as the last resource, hazarded its safety with him, when, looking up, a hawk was hovering directly over them; the poor bird again mounted the saddle, under the eye of its protector, and the disappointed hawk shifting his station, the little fugitive, watching his opportunity, darted over the hedge, and was out of sight in an instant.

The following lines were written on a pane of glass, at an inn, in Elsemeer, in Shropshire:—

'Dust is lighter than a feather,
The wind much lighter is than either;
But, alas! frail woman-kind
Is far much lighter than the wind.'

Beneath these, in another hand, are the following lines:—

'Friend, you mistake the matter quite!
How can you say that woman's light?
Poor COMUS swears throughout his life,
His heaviest plague has been a wife.'

Chivalry.—When Louis XIV. besieged Lille, the Count de Brouai, governor of the place, was so polite as to send a supply of ice every morning for the king's dessert. Louis said one day to the gentleman who brought it, 'I am much obliged to M. de Brouai for his ice, but I wish he would send it in larger portions.' The Spaniard answered without hesitation, 'Sire, he thinks the siege will be long, and he is afraid the ice may be exhausted.'

Washington and Bonaparte.—The following general order to the troops of the French republic is, perhaps, at this time, not within the recollection of many of our readers. It was issued by Bonaparte when first consul, upon hearing of the death of Washington:—

'Order of the day for the consular guard and all the troops of the republic.

'Washington is no more—that great man fought against tyranny, he firmly established the liberty of his country, his memory will ever be dear to the French

people, as it must be to every friend to freedom in the two worlds, and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the Americans, bravely fight for liberty. The first consul, in consequence, orders, that, for ten days, black crape shall be suspended to all the standards and flags of the French republic. NAPOLEON.'

Family of Love.—A sect which sprang up in 1556. C. Nicolas was their leader, whose chief tenet was that Christ was already come to judgment.

Hock Tuesday money was a duty that was paid to the landlord, that his tenants and bondsmen might celebrate *Hock-tide* the Tuesday after Easter week: this custom was in memory of Hardicanute, A. C. 1042, and the downfall of the Danes.

Voltaire, on speaking with the President of one of the old French Parliaments, expressed his astonishment that a body which had so many counsellors in it should act so absurdly—'A good horse will stumble sometimes,' said the president.—'But not a whole stable-full of horses,' replied Voltaire.

Londonderry Eloquence.—If we had leisure and wished to make a really amusing little volume, we would go over the speeches of the Marquis of Londonderry, and select all the good things with which he has occasioned 'a great laugh' at the time, in the House of Commons, for the last twenty years. Such a collection would really be a *bonne bouche* to the humorous gourmand, and would drive all the jest books out of fashion for a twelvemonth at least. On a recent occasion, the noble lord, in a speech on agricultural distress, proved himself a very *natural* orator, and talked so much about the *principles of nature*, that it was suspected he had just been reading Palmer's work, with that title for which Carlisle is now in prison. In one part of that speech the noble marquis says, 'There is no distress in this country which may not be cured by a due application to the principles of resurrection.' In another part, 'This proposition goes to contradict the great causes of nature,' and the noble marquis, still proceeding in the same strain, declared, that 'It was delusive and dangerous to say, that distress arose from taxation, and not from PROVIDENCE and the great principles of nature.' Again, 'The result of all true political economy is, that nature is the source of relief and hope: and that to nature alone we can look for relief in the present emergency.' Q. E. D?

Cinderella.—The following story,

which Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' quotes from *Ælian*, is obviously the origin of one of our nursery tales:—'Rhodope was the fairest lady in her dayes in all Egypt; she went to wash her, and, by chance (her maidens, meanwhile, looking but carelessly to her clothes), an eagle stole away one of her shoes, and laid it in Psammeticus, the King of Egypt's lap, at Memphis; he wondered at the excellency of the shoe and pretty foot, but more at the manner of the bringing of it; and caused forthwith proclamation to be made, that she that owned that shoe should come presently to his court; the virgin came, and was forthwith married to the king.'

A Mr. Bourdenot has bequeathed two hundred dollars, for the purpose of purchasing spectacles for the aged people in New Jersey to read the Bible with.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

CRITICAL Remarks on Schiller and Lines on the Distress in Ireland in our next.

H. L. shall have an early insertion.

The 'Mermaid's Warning' has been received.

S. T. H.'s song is too prosaic.

We should be very happy to 'oblige both parties' by inserting the acrostic to Sarah Stephens, but there is a third party (and that we are happy to see a pretty numerous one), our readers, whose taste on these matters we must always consult, and with them we suspect the loves of W. H. G. and Sarah Stephens, however sincere, can possess little interest.

Advertisement.

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The Opinions and Reflections of Napoleon, on the most important events of his Life and Government, in his own words.

By B. E. O'MEARA, Esq. his late Surgeon.

'Je prie mes parens et amis, de croire tout ce que le Docteur O'Meara leur dira relativement à la position où je me trouve, et aux sentimens que je conserve.' NAPOLEON.

Le 25 Juillet, 1818.

Printed for W. SIMPKIN and R. MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street.

* * A translation of the work in French, under the sanction of Mr. O'MEARA, is in a state of great forwardness.

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